PROFESSOR VIRCHOW.

IUS VISIT TO ENGLAND, HIS RECEPTION HERE, HIS SPEECHES-PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S EULOGY.

London, March 22. Professor Virchow's visit to London has given the English, and especially the English world of science, an opportunity of doing homage to the great German. Whether he ought to be called a great German may be doubtful, buit at least he is a great German savant, if one must use such None of the neologists, and their name is legion, has yet invented a good word for men of science. Whewell, who produced the more successful "physicist," coined also "scientist," which is less good, and has never fairly passed into the common speech of common men, what ever may be the case in the world of science itself. Some later inventor is responsible for the still more intolerable "scientician," which I find in the Century Dictionary with no other note of warning than the word "recent." Savant also, is in the Century, which imparts to the inquiring student the very curious information that it ought to be pronounced "savon"; exactly as if it were French for soap; which it is not.

The question whether Professor Virchow be a great man or only a great professor has, perhaps, not much importance. But it is interesting He might, for aught I know, treat it as a matter of biological investigation. He has himself given rise to the question by the very singular speeches and addresses he has delivered in this country. He delivered, in the first place, the Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society in the hall of the University of London, before a large and distinguished audience. This lecture was in distinguished audience. English: occasionally of a somewhat Teutonic When the Professor acknowledged the pattern. vote of thanks moved by Sir Joseph Lister, he spoke in German. At the banquet given in his honor in the evening he again spoke in what he supposed to be English; a kind of Anglo-German dialect very scientific in its way.

Finally, yesterday-or perhaps it is but the finally of the preacher in the middle of his sermon -the University of Cambridge held a special Congregation for the conferring of honorary degrees. and bestowed its honorary Doctorship in Science on the great exponent of cellular gathology. The Public Crater of the University, Dr. Sandys, pronounced a glowing panegyric upon the "Rector fagnificus" of the University of Berlin; in the Latin tongue. You may learn from it, with that precision characteristic of the Latin and dear to the scientific mind, the claims of Professor Virchow to the gratitude of the world. You may learn, though no doubt you knew before, that he has rendered distinguished services to the science of medicine and of public health-the latter surely a new division of the scientific You may hear him described as an anthropologist, an ethnologist, and an archaeolo-You may applaud while he is eulogized as the leader, or the former leader, of the German Liberals. It is just possible you may smilethough I hope not, for this is a serious occasionwhen, after this shower of compliments, you are told that his modesty makes him averse to being extolled in public. The sincerity of the Orator's conviction that his subject has a modest aversion to praise is further attested by the remark that the Professor had combined the highest distinctions in medicine and in natural science. All of this is true, or as true as a Public Orator, whose business is laudation, is ever expected to be.

The British public, and also the American publie, may care more about a different kind of testimony, from a different kind of man, Professor Huxley, whose business certainly is not, and never has been, mere laudation of anybody. Huxley spoke of Professor Virchow, at the Whitehall Banquet, as one who worthily represented a large portion of the scientific scilvity inherent in the blood of the Teutonic race—"blood which courses as vigorously in our veins as in his," added Mr. Huxley, character-istically. What makes this peculiarly interest-Mr. Huxley's well-known views on the scientific work of Germany. Speaking generally, he holds that the main work of Germany has been one of investigation, of the patient accumulation of facts, of scientific specialization. Others in co-ordinating all these facts, in making the true scientific and synthetic use of them; in building up the splendid fabric of modern science, of which they are hardly more than the foundation stones and general sub-structure.

These views, if they be indeed his, Professor

handsomely held in abeyance while speaking to the toast in Professor Virchow's honor. He offered him a "right British welcome." Medical men, he said, owed a great debt of gratitude to Professor Virchow for his biological and pathological studies during the last fifty years. Then, stretching his view beyond the individual, the English savant "most gladly acknowledged the indomitable perseverance, the vast knowledge, and the quick insight of the scientific men of Germary." He spoke of the changes in medicine, within recent years, as so immense as to be almost incredible; and added:

"Germany has all along taken the leading part as biology and medicine are concerned; and I may venture to say with truth that the largest share of these changes has been due to Professor

the declaration that to the scientific work of the last half century the contribution from the great German nation has been greater than that of "all other nations." It is possible that Mr. Huxley said "any other nation," but I give his words as they are reported. They will not please every-body. They will not please our French friends They will not please our French friends. for example, who are fond of describing themselves as foremost in every intellectual field. The may not even be altogether pleasing to the Eng lish, who hold definite views of the value of their own scientific work. But, examined critically, giving to each sentence its due weight. I do not know that there is in the present deliverance of Mr. Huxley anything inconsistent with the opinions I have ascribed to him above. He is not an easy man to convict of self-contradiction; any more than Mr. Gladstone is, but for a different reason. Mr. Gladstone takes care to leave a loop hole. Mr. Huxley despises loopholes, but he has convictions so strong, and he is so little compelled by the exigencies of his life, or of his relation to the world, to modify or reverse them, that a single set may be said to have served him during

Whether the personal impression which Pro fessor Virchow has made in England corresponds completely with the immense reputation which him may be a question. The man and the man of science-or, for that matter, of art or of letters-are not always the same. He chose to prefix to his Royal Society lecture a kind of autobiographical exordium. The tone of it was plaintive, and the effect of it not entirely happy He referred again and again to the attacks he had had to endure; to the insults which had not been spared him; to the calumnies of which he had so often been the object. He thought it necessary to observe that true happiness is not based or the appreciation of others, but on the consciousunexceptionable: the occasion for reproducing it malicious assaults, and this toughness of skin was "immunization," but had drawbacks: one of which appears to be that it fails him at the very moment when it was most needed. The other which "saved" him was his habit of work. had not forsaken him in the days of "out-He spoke, rather oddly, of ward misfortune." scientific work as a recreation, "after wearying and useless efforts in political, social and religious

reaccount of his scientific work, but for that the reacer will turn to purely scientific papers, or to the Transactions of the Royal Society. When he came to return thanks for his health after dinner,

a similar vein of personal reminiscence redurred. He was, I judge, not less disposed to find fault with people who had differed from him, but more. It is true that his Liberal opinions have deprived him of court favor at home, and of those decorations or distinctions, or of some of them, which t German Emperor may bestow or withhold as he likes. But need a man of science, whose name must be immortal in the history of science, care for such things? The English press has done him such boner as it could. What has been said has been well said; and when it came to report-ing his oratory at the Hotel Metropole it was done with friendly discretion, and briefly. The author "Cellular Pathology," and of other works which have given a new bent and a new basis to biology, and have given answers to some of its bitherto insoluble problems, deserves, as be has received during his visit in this country, nothing but respect and friendly admiration. G. W. S.

RICHEST PRINCE OF EUROPE.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE GRAND-DUKE HERED-

ITARY GC LUXEMBOURG-A SECOND MONTE CARLO.

The little Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, nestled between Prussia and Belgium, has attracted more attention in Europe during the last month than at almost any time in its history. This is due to three facts. Primary importance naturally attaches to the engagement of the hereditary Grand Duke and the Princess Maria Anna, of Braganza, now thirty-one years old, the daughter of Prince Miguel, who died in 1866. The Prince, who will celebrate the forty-first anniversary of his birth next month, is the richest Royal Highness in Europe. He has a fortune of \$20,000,000 in his own right, and upon the death of his father, the martial-looking Grand Duke, will inherit

broke out between Austria and Prussia. His father at that time was the Dake of Orange-Nassau, with his capital at Wiesbaden. The beautiful city was then as famous for its gaming tables as is Monte Carlo to-day, and the receipts from this source formed the foundation for the enormous family fortune. But the Duke was unfortunate enough to cast his lot with Custria in the struggle, and like the King of Hanover. found himself after Koeniggractz without a throne. He took up his residence in Vienna, where his son entered the army, becoming in time a commanding

The fortunes of the ducal house changed again in 1883, when the King of the Netherlands died. According to the constitution of the Grand Duchy of lands. As he left no son, Duke William of Nassau, as the King's cousin, became Grand Duke of Luxem-

crown is a short, heavily set man, ordinary in apperrance, and in striking contrast to his handsome and royal-looking father. He is, like most of the members of his house, extremely near-sighted and is obliged to wear glasses constantly. Without them he is positively helpless, and has been placed several times, in consequence of their less, in embarrassing the segment. situations when serving at the head of his regiment. Great surprise has been caused by his engagement, as it was generally believed that he was a confirmed bachelor. Time and again there have been reports of his engagement to this or that princess, but they harouches, small and uncomfortable. These are supof his engagement to this or that printed, too, proved to be without foundation. He continued, too, posed to seat four persons besides the driver, but the advancing years to grow stouter and less the unfortunates on the front seat are forced to bend romantic, to the great chagrin of his father, who made every effort to induce him to unite his fortunes with those of some attractive member of a reigning house. To these entreaties he has at last given ear.

future Grand Duchess, in strange contrast to ber future lord, is a woman of singular and striking beauty. She is dark, stately and graceful, with eyes of great brilliancy. Her brother, Don Miguel, is the Legitimist pretender to the throne of Portugal, who hes given the royal family of that country many restless nights. One of her sisters is the wife of Duke Charles Theodor, of Bavaria, the famous oculist who devotes his time and fortune to improving the sight of his cousin's subjects. Still another sister is the Arch-Duchess Marie Therese, wife of the probable future Emperor of Austria; a third is the "Princess of the Snows," and a fourth is the Duchess

But Luxembourg at present attracts attention for other reasons besides the marriage of the Crewn Prince. The directors of the Monte Carlo Society the Societe International de Jeux-encouraged by the enormous gains of the gambling tables of Monaco, and fearing that the Prince will withdraw his concession to their continuance after the present lease, forlous business. The temptations which they offer the little state are indeed great and hard to resist. They have proposed to pay the entire civil list of the Grand Ducay, amounting to 9,000,000 france, and to keep the people free from taxation. Tals, as is well known, is practically the course pursued by the directors at present in Monaco. The inhabitants pay no taxes, and the Prince receives an annual salary of 2,000,000 francs. M. Eyschen, who is at the head of the Liberal Ministry now in power in Luxembourg is opposed to granting the concession to the Monte Carlo people, and may influence the Legislature. The Grand Duke, however, naturally does not look upo: the scheme as objectionable, as he derived much of his wealth from similar sources in Wiesbaden year his wealth from similar sources in Wiesbaden years ago. In case the present Legislature declines to accept the offer, the directors intend to induce the election of as many deputies as possible in the coming fight. Thus there will be little doubt that the Legislature to assemble next fall will consent to make Mondorf a second Monte Carlo. Among the people the project is generally favored, as the freedom from taxailon is looked upon as the summun bonum of a Luxembourg citizen.

The action of the Government regarding the property granted to the religious orders and its course with reference to certain privileges enjoyed in Luxembourg by the représentatives of the orders, is awaited with interest, not only by the people of the State, but by the inhabitants of many Catholic countries. Legislation in other continental States will depend in part upon that of the Grand Duchy.

AN ENGRMOUS LOCOMOTIVE

From The Manchester Times.

Messrs. R. & W. Hawthorn & Co. (Limited), of the Forth Bridge Works, Nowcastle, are sending a monster locomotive (the patent of Mr. F. C. Winby, of London to Chicago. The Americans are fond of big things. In the "James Toleman," the name of this monster from horse, they will have one, says a Newcastle paper. They will not only see a big locomotive, however; they will have a specimen of the very forefront of locomotive engineering ideas, and, what is more, they will have a piece of splendid workmanship to study. The exhibit has, moreover, another mission boyond that of showing the Americans a big thing. Her works are intended to demonstrate the fallincy of the new system of compounding in locomotives. She is not a compound, but a high-pressure, and, more than that, practically two high-pressure, and, more than that, practically two high-pressure single-wheeled engines in one. The old form of locomotive had two high-pressure cylinders. Then Mr. Webb, of Crowe, tried a three-cylinder, two high-pressure and a low-pressure, laying an extra emborgo on the exhaust steam from the high-pressure cylinders by passing it through a third one. Next there was Mr. Worstell's experiment. He compounded the two cylinders—making one small and one large, or one nigh-pressure and one low. The "Jumes Toleman" insugarates a new departure in having four high-pressure cylinders, and not expending the steam through subsidiary cylinders. But as none of her wheels are coupled she is practically what some might term a "double-breasted" single driving-wheel engine. She has two pairs of 7 fect 6 linches driving wheels by inside cylinders. Forward the weight is borne by a four-wheeled borle. The trailing wheels are turned by outside cylinders and the leading wheels by inside cylinders, Both pairs of wheels work independently, and, as we have said, are not coupled. The cylinders inside the frame are 17 inches diameter and 22 linches stroke, one feature about the engine is that where the old-fashioned locomotive "paff From The Manchester Times.

AN IMPRESSIONIST SKETCH From The Bostoh Journal.

One of the good deacons in a certain church is also the superintendent of the Sanday-school, and, although he is not an artist, he frequently illustrates points in the lesson by the use of the blackboard. These exercises are for the special benefit of the younger portion of the school, and the superintendent has a habit of arousing the children's interest by asking questions about what he has drawn.

Having drawn the representation of a crown, one sunday, much after the stereotyped style of all such royal appendages, he said: "Now, what one of the little folks can tell me what this is!"

Several raised their hands, but the superintendent's eye was caught by a little fellow on the front sent. "Well, Johnnie, you may tell."

Proud of his distinction above his fellows the boy rose smillingly and shouted, "A pin cushion!" From The Boston Journal.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL DID NOT PAY. The Buffalo Courier.

At Galashiels of a sunday morning I came upon two lads savagely disputing where their best interests should lead them to Sunday-school. The lesser of the two, a hard-headed little fellow, closed the con-troversy and set the pace with "Coom awa, coom awa. It's maist for naching we'll of at the Free

As she spoke, a rowboat full of dirty, dark eyel archins peared the steamer. The lads jeered at us

and made grimaces, much after the fashlon of New-York gamius. What beautiful children!" cried a passenger;

"and listen! They can speak Spanish already, though they're so little!" Then a babel of cries arose, and swarthy men surrounded us, clutching our arms, gestleulating flercely, and cking out broken English with Spanish

Banditti!" gasped the sentimental lady.

She was not far from the truth. Our persecutors were "runners" for the Havana hotels. They board the steamers in company with the quarantine officials. They all talk at once, and though in reality they are very good natured, the uninitiated tourist fancles they are about to cut each other's throats. Our party had decided to patronize a certain hotel, so we arranged with its representative to go in his bont, and we gave our trunk keys to him. He said he would get our fuggage through the Custom House, and that we would have all our goods and chattels in an hour. He promised us the best rooms in his hotel. These details seitled, we descended a rickety ladder

at the side of the steamer and boarded one of the small boats awaiting us. Through some mistake our vallees were thrown into another boat, which had Corning to the constitution of the Grand Luxembourg, only a male member of the House of Orange could succeed to the throne which the King had occupied in connection with that of the Netherfact the two boatmen quarreled over the matter and finally came to blows. Meanwhile the little boats rolled from side to side as the fight waxed flercer. At last a Spanish centleman interfered. He separated the combatants, handed us our valless and we started. After we had been in Cuba a few days we learned

pression of Hevana was that we had landed at a Cuban Hunter's Point. Cld-fashloned voluntes are no busine to be found in Havana. They have been replaced by one-horse

forward in an attitude strengty suggestive of cromps. As every one rides in Havana, this peculiarity may secount for the fact that about nine Cubans out of

The botel was painted bright colors and looked like a property incitationed in a special play. In fact during one stay in Cuba we could not rid ourselves of the idea that we were simply supernumeraries in one, and there was no waiting-room. The women of our party est down while the men attempted to

not pay the slightest attention to the crowd of woulde guests. He chatted with an acquaintance, wrote moked all the time.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour

became a crime. Our leader leaned over the desk, clutched the clerk's arm, and said: "Can you and will you listen to me! I have several ladies in my They are tired, and it lan't pleasant for them

The clerk apparently woke up. He yawned, ave no rooms. They are all occupied."

abstantial American swear words. Two priests, who had been waiting patiently for some evidence of attention from the clerk, touched our spokesman's arm,
"Sir," said one of them, "your language, reprehensible as it might be ordinarily, is perfectly ex-

There are a few points about location which tourists would do well to remember. Front rooms in the best hotels cost five dollars a day; others cost four dollars. The four dollar rooms are preferable; they are airy and well ventilated and their windows open for them with sleeplessness as well as the extra dellar. The noise of carriages rattling over the badly paved streets, the sound of pedlers incessantly crying their wares, and the ech es of hackmen's onthy and quarrels, make hight hideous to a "front

Most of the hotels are three stories high, first or ground floor is given over to dining-rooms offices, etc. The second and third floors are devoted The third floor is always the one to choose, because, being furthest from the ground, it is comparatively free from insects and dirt. In our ignorance we chose front rooms on the second floor at first; but we soon changed them. was disturbed by mammoth cockroaches scampering hither and thither. We spoke to the hotel manager about the animals, but he shrugged his shoulders and aughed as he replied, "The good animal; he hurt you." Fleas, of course, are everywhere; but

when we had rested, we had a delicious dinner in an airy room on the ground floor. The meats, fruit and fresh vegetables served were surprisingly good. But as for Spanish wine-well, there are Americans

After dinner we walked over to Central Park. We had heard that it was very beautiful, and were some-Square and not much prettier. A band plays in the park two or three evenings of every week, but Sunday is the gain night. Directly in the centre of the square is a statue of landella, on a raised platform, and there the band is stationed. There are about sixty performers, and at a distance of forty feet one can scarcely hear them. The music is weird and wonderful. You wait eagerly for the tune, but in vain. There is a tune, but to the American ear b is indistinguishable; though you realize that you must be very dull, for after a piece is finished you hear the young men around you humming something bear ing a strong resemblance to what has been played. On the outer walk of the park there is a ceaseless procession of people. The women are in evening dress, with mantilias draped over their shapely heads. But men in evening dress are exceptional. The aristocracy, however, do not walk in the park or anywhere else. One can meet them only in their own homes, through the medium of letters of intro duction. They are delightful people, and those who fail to meet any of them miss one of the most pleasant phases of Cuban life. Contrary to the general supposition, Cuban ladies

never smoke to public, though they indulge in cigar-cites at home. The only women that smoke in the streets are regresses, and they are addicted to thick, block cigars. The men. Cubans, Spanlards, colored and Chinese, smoke continually everywhere, except in church. You hire a carriage; before the driver picks up his reins he lights a cigarette. You enter a shop; the clerk pure smoke in your face as he shows you his wares.

It is a matter of constant surprise to American at the hotels speak Spanish and nothing else. Clerks who speak French are to be found only in the most fashionable shops, and some knowledge of the national language is absolutely necessary for all trav-ellers who do not care to pay an interpreter four

A SOUTHWARD FLIGHT.

REALISTIC IMPRESSIONS OF THE CUBAN

** CAPITAL.

THE LAND OF SUN AND FLOWERS, AND ALCO OF DIRT AND INSECTS.

The stemmer safled slowly up the higher of Tlavana. On one side we saw quaint old Morro Castle, with its creamy walls and towers; on the other lide, the city with its acres of flat, square buildings, its dirt and its perfumes not "of Araby."

"What a lovely old castle "said the sentimental lady." "Isn't it beautiful." She added, turing to a voung Cuban who had been our fellow passenger on the trip from New-York.

We were mone of us prepared for the angry light that suddenly gleamed in his eyes.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "It is hideous to me. My brother was a revolutionist. He fought for the freedom of Caba. He was imprisoned in one of the dangeons of Morro Castle for years, and he would have been shot had it not been for the intervention of the Citied States Consul. I hate the place!"

He stode away, and the sentimental lady murmured, "Hew very romantie! I wish I'd, known about his brother before. I'd like to have heard more about the dangeons. Well—it's too late now, here come the little boats to take us ashore."

As she spoke, a rowboat full of dirty, dark eyed.

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As she spoke, a rowb

A very good April fool story has been fold at the expense of the eminent composer, Eossial, when he was resident at Milan and already famous. On the morning of a certain 1st of April he received the following pleasing note: "A hady who has come from Rome to Milan especially to make the acquaintance of the Maestro, whose melodies eneircle the slobe and carry his fame into all parts of it, will await you this versing at La Scala, in Rox No. 9, of the first ther, to tell you viva voce what she dare not intrust to paper." Now this great man was really inordinately conceited where the fair sey were concerned. Therefore he was simply tickled to death with this efficient, noteding the delicate handwriting, the subtle perfinne and the imposing crest, all belowants some dame of high degree. "One more conquest," he softly murmured.

Wide indulying to taller reveries, the tenor, David, noted for the reverse is the tenor.

AMAX WHO EXPENDED ON TABLE SOME Some time and has hearly flickled to death while high efficient nature with the subtle perfinne and the imposing crest, all belowants some dame of high degree. "One more conquest," he softly murmured.

Maestro woke up. "For to night!" he asked. engerly.
"Yes," replied David. "I was at the theatre when the servant came. He engaged a box in the

when the servant came. He engaged a box in the first ther."

"Do you know the number of the box?"

"No. 9. I think."

Rossint nearly swooned with joy after David's departure. When evening arrived he made the most elaborate tollet, sociled himself with perfumes, and had his hair curied till he was well-high breastable, and then salled forth on easy conquest bent. On reaching La Seela he soon gained an entrance into box No. 9, but found it empty.

"Ali, a tribe early," he said to himself. "Swell people never arrive on time." He lingered anxiously through the first and second acts, and the conclusion of the third found him feeting and furning like a caged animal. The door was slightly opened at this juncture, and a note thrown in by an attendant. It read as follows:

"My Dear Maestro: The Ambassadress of France has charged the undersigned with her excuses. It is impossible for her to come to the theatre to-night, for three reasons: In the first place, she has not left Rome; secondly, she will probably never come to Milân, because, thirdly and lastly, she doesn't exist. (French Ambassador has been a widower for three years.)

"Accept incomparable Maestro, the assurance of

"Accept, incomparable Massiro, the assurance of the profound esteem of the undersigned, "Always your devoted admirer" PRIMO APRILE."

"Proof that I am!" groaned poor Rossini. A little later he encountered David in the wings, evidently in contortions of mirth.
"Well," remarked his mailclous friend, "found you the trick well played!"
The composer of "Il Barbieri" never forgot the first of April after that.

THE PLACE WAS OPEN. From The National Tribune.

From The National Tribune.

A runaway darkey, before the war, was on his way to Canada, and was met by a countryman, who questioned him as to the treatment he had received at the hands of his master.

"Didn't you have enough to eat!" the countryman asked.

"Yes."

"And a warm place to sleep!"

"Yes."

"Then what did you run away for?"
"Say, boss," the darkey replied, "If you think you'd like the place, it's open to ye."

HELP FOR THE RICH UNFORTUNATE.

From The Minnespoils Trilune.

The daughter of a retired millionaire has an allowance of \$3,000 a year for pln money. Out of it she is expected to pay for her clothes and other personal expenses, such as gloves, candy, books and matthee the states. One would imagine that she could manage to squeeze along on her income, particularly as she had no board to pay. But she didn't. In fact, she found herself very heavily in debt to her dressmaker one line morning. She struggled on for a few months, keeping her trouble to herself and trying to economize. Finally a ords was reached. She had 'nothing to wear,' and could not order any new dresses without paying something on account. To make the matter worse, the dressmaker began pressing her for her money.

She want to her father. He refused to help her, she appended to her bother. He sympathized, but he could do nothing, as he was deeper in debt than his sister. Then she went again to her father. This is substantially what this crule parent said:

"No, my child. I will not help you pay any of your debts. Your allowance is harge enough to supply you with everything you require. If you go beyond it you must suffer the consequences of to your dressmaker and arrange to pay your bill out of your future allowance. In the mean time you have all the clothes any reasonable being could wear for a year. Let this be a lesson to you."

Did the young woman take her father's advice! Not a bit of it. When she found that tears and entreaties would not move him, she took counsed with some of her relatives and friends. The result is that a private enterialment has been arranged for the benefit of the poor unfortunate millionaire's daughter. All her friends are expected to buy tickets, and the proceedings. For that reason I will not mention her name, except to say that she is a member of the Four Hundred, and that this is a true tale. From The Minneapolts Tribune.

SOME LARGE HOTEL EXPENSES. From Kate Field's Washington.

It costs a pretty penny to be inaugurated President, if one does it in good style. Mr. Cleveland had to provide so large a suite of apartments, and secure 20 much privacy for his travelling party at the Ariington during his brief stay there before taking

the oath of office, that it cut into his bank account at the rate of \$450 a day. This expense, kept up for a year, would reach the handsome total of \$164.250, or more than three times the salary of the Presidential office. It is an economical device, therefore, for the American people to set their President ap at housekeeping instead of compelling him to "live around."

TWO GENUINE DWARFS.

LITTLE POLK FROM THE AFRICAN FORESTS. Two pygunies from the primeval forests of Central Africa, of the race called Acra by the Monbutta and Africa, of the race cancer ribes, have passed through Wambutti by the other tribes, have passed through Naples from Zanzibar, says a correspondent of "The London Daily News." These tygmics are the only specimens of the race that have ever come to Rorope. The name this race of pygmics give themselves is Eve or Efe. The present arrivals from the twilight world of the great African forests penetrated by Mr. Stanley are two young girls, supposed to be between seventeer and twenty years of age. They were liberated by Dr. stuhlmann and his companions from the hands of their capturers, the Arabs; and after spending some time in Zanzibar are on their way to Germany. They bore the sen voyage remarkably well, never being seasick, and actually liking the ship and the voyage. They came ashore for a few hours with their conductor, a time young Swahill of pleasant manners, who has been Dr. Stub'matin's manservant for five years, and who serves the pygmies as attendant and interpre er. With him they speak the Swahill tongue, which they have learned. They are well proportioned and as tall as a boy of eight years of age. They have small heads, prominent forcheads, very large lustrous black eyes,

opening. To remody this, some one broke with a mot on sudge on the conference of the

"Very much," answered the other dryly.

"Geing to sindy it all up before you go, so that you can see and examine things intelligently!" "Aren't you afraid it will detract from your

" Not in the slightest." "Don't you think that half the pleasure of such

things consists in the anticipation and the other balf in the surprise, the novelty of the thing!" "So you are grinding up on it already, as we

used to say in college when we were getting ready for examination!" Yes, sir; that's what I'm doing. If there

anything about the buildings there that I don't know 'd like to hear about it. I can tell you the square feet in every one of them. I have studied all the maps and diagrams of the grounds, and can redraw all the buildings for you. I know where every statue is going to be, and who made it and what it is supposed to represent. I can describe all the facades, all the friezes, the entablatures, the columns and all the other architectural features. I am an expert regarding the marbles and the bronze work. I can give you all the measurements of the silver statue. know what and who are going to be in the German, the Swiss, the Russian and the Swedish villages. , I have taken account of every case of exhibits that has come from Spain. I have a carefully prepared list of the exhibit from the Vatican. I am familiar with the collections of armor which have come from for ign nations for the Fair. I know all about the jewels which are going to be shown there. I can even tell you where the peanut stands and refreshment counters will be on the grounds."

"Well," said the other, "you are an enthusiast. I suppose that a man who is so interested as you in the Fall will put in about all summer at the big show. You certainly have made a good start."

"I flatter myself that I am doing pretty well," said the World's Fair export. "And you are still hungry for more knowledge?"

"Want every bit I can get."
"When do you expect to go to the Fair?" "My dear friend, were you ever in Chicago in the

"Yes, I've been there." Were you ever in a hotter place!"

"It's pretty warm sometimes. Oh, I see you aren't going till fall, so you want to be able to go through the whole business in short order—say in a couple of weeks in October, when it's cool and

"Pleasant, ch?" Don't you know that everybody will go in the fall to miss the hot weather? Were you ever in a Chicago crowd! Do you think I want to be torn to pieces? Do you think I want to stay at a hotel where they will sleep sixty in a room?

Do you think I want to stand around a dining-room for three hours, waiting for u chance to get a seat at a table! Do you think I am going to get up at 3 clock in the morning to get room on a street car

when I want to go anywhere? Do you think I want to engage cabs six months in advance at \$125 a day? Go in the fall? I guess not."

"Of course. I see, foing in the spring?"

"Going in the spring?" howled the New York man. "Going in the spring? howled the New York man. "Going in the spring when Chicago is a breeding place for malaria and typhus fever, when a man's life is in danger every time he fills his hungs with Chicago air, when life wouldn't be worth living under any circumstances? Not exactly this spring."

"Well, when are you going then?"

"Well, when are you going then?"

"Well, when are you going then?"

"When am I going? Do you know how Pm going to the World's Fair? About the 1st of July I'm going to start for the Fair; only I'm going to a quiet place on the seashore. I'm going to swim, fish, sall and thile life easy. I'm going to rend the papers once in a while, just to see how people out there in Ch'cago are suffering. I am going to gain forty-five pounds. About September 1, I'm coming home, fat and contented, to gloat over the miserable wrecks that have got back from Chicago. I am going to tell them how I enjoyed the Fair. I'll know all about it—more than they will know. I'll declare the Fair was a perfect success. Nobody will ever know that I was not there. I'll be in good heuith and about \$1,000 in pocket. That's the way I'm going to the Fair. And as for patriotism—well, that's the kind of a patriot I am."

LIFE ON A DELTA RANCH.

A GLIMPSE OF A PART OF COLORADO.

COWBOY IN BROADWAY-RECALLING WESTERN EXPERIENCES.

Someoning there is in these days of duiness, this Someoning there is in these days of dulness, this age of twice-told tales and tedium, to stir the blood and quicken the pulse, in the life of any new country. Americans spend small thought upon the vague stretch of territory still spared to them, lying upon the hem of the Reckies, but the traveller who is once begulled within its borders never comes back with the same paid to the faunts of men. In his busiest hours, with his fellows fostling his elbows and treading mon his heels in the crowded streets of and treading upon his heels in the crowded streets of a great city, visions will recur to him of wide, wind-swept spaces traversed by cloud shadows, of swift, silent rivers, hurrying on their way to the Pacific, of mountain horizons, level as the plain they bound, or thrusting their snow-covered peaks, like the towers of riants, into the clear blue of the sky. towers of giants, into the clear blue of the sky, Let him once taste the fine, thin air of these high altitudes and he will forever long for it. His eyes will weary for the forests of quaking aspen and spruce, his jaded sense dwell longingly on the scenes they have diversified. If he be a sportsman, a puff of smoke, the smell of burning powder, a bit of green thing in a shep window, a pair of antiers or a foot or two of deer's hide swinging above a furtier's sign, will give his nerves a grateful thrill. a furrier's sign, will give his nerves a grateful He is looking again through the flap of his tent, upon the familiar line of woods beyond the middle distance of russet open, rimed with frost. He hears the sharp, clear crackling of the ice in the creek, and feels the blood fly to his check as the cold water smites it. The wind brings to him the snapping

of the camp-fire logs and the incense of the boiling Whatever there may be of sentiment or susceptibility in the man, of love for the shaple pleasure of wood and stream, is kindled into new life by these chance pictures.

The writer met a man at high noon the other day standing at Wall-st, and Broadway, like a rock in mid-stream. Little eddles and ripples in the human tide showed where the people turned out for him, with a brief sidelong giance and a smile for his abstraction It was only a horseman that his eye followed, a curious figure in the multitude of drays, cars and busses. The horse was branded on his hip—a braided bridle hung loose upon his drooping neck. Ris in wide leather chaperons, fringed along the side, spurs with jangling chains were fastened by a band of leather across the instep of his high-heeled boots, which rode lightly in the clumsy wooden stirrup. Secured with a leather thong to the saddle below its horn was a closely coiled jariat. The writer looked from this to the man's broad shoulders, his broazed neck decorated with a square of colored silk handkerchief, his broad-brimmed hat of felt, bound with a

rattlesnake skin. "Do you see him?" said the writer's friend, "a cowboy, complete even to the branding-iron. I would give my profits for to-day to be where he came from." And then as he walked with the throng he told in brief the story of his last summer on a cattle

ranch in Western Colorado.
"I shall not soon forget the night in August when I dropped from the platform of the Pullman at the Delta station. A few lights showed where the town lay.
"Beyond, slowly lifted from the river's rich bottom

lands in slowly rising buttes of adobe, to a plateau of thousands of untilled acres, I saw the leisurely slopes of the Grand Mesa, dropping down from its eighty miles of level summit in well defined reaches of spruce, quaking aspen, scrub oak and cedar. Twenty miles from where the ralls of the Rio Grande road left the town on their way to Descret, the land of the Latter Day Saints, one might hear the bugling of the elk or the clumsy fall of a cinnamon bear's cushioned foot. To my excited fancy the wind already bore these ounds to me, across the intervening space of sage

and cactus.
"I was awake early the next morning, and en route for my friend's cattle ranch-my guide a cowboy who might be twin brother to the one yonder. Nodding in the direction of the retreating horseman. It was a ten-mile ride. Along the river the dwarf villows were changing to brown, and the heart-shaped leaves of the cottonwood dropped harmless gold upon the soft rich soil. I felt a curious sensation in thus threading the trails of a virgin country, so late the hunting grounds of the red men, even now speaking of his sports and occupation in the arrow pits, the rude snare hid for unwary deer, the ponies grazing on the range, to whose quick ear the whizz of arrows and the twang of bow-strings had been once familiar

" My guide showed me seams of coal on the mesa's wooded side, and pointed out the region of the while industring in the description of the Ambinesodor of France has arrived in town."

"It was see may good articles on the World's pair," and the course of the Ambinesodor of France has arrived in town."

"It was earny good articles on the World's pair," said the cynte, "or hear of any good exhibits around here which are going to be sent there, just around she happens to be wild about your maste. Her first thought was to scene a box for to might."

"Much interested in the Fair!" asked the other. 250 of them, unnamed and unsurveyed, strung like

my friend's loghouse, in the orchard of the liliputian trees groaning under their weight of apples and pears, in the slender line of green marking out the course of irrigating ditches carried down the sides from the same mountain lakes. "Indeed, the Grand Mesa is to the country gathered at its feet what Fusiyama is to Japan, if one may make comparisons in that fashlon. Fusiyama is the coast sentinel, its graceful cone-shaped peak the first sight that greets the traveller who enters its enchanted land, the last to gladden his eyes as he

looks upon it from the deck of his outgoing vessel. So for sixty miles across the plains of the Gunnison. on your way to the meeting-place of the two rivers, the Grand and Uncompagare, which have given to Delta its name, the long level summit of the Grand Mesa lies like a recumbent pillar of cloud, blue as the sky that broods over it.
"Fire and water, man's twin servents, the mess

binds to the service of any who will mine her ribbed sides and divert to his use her magnificent water courses. Food for his cattle and horses she provides in generous measure. The government range is free to all settlers, and covers an area of nearly a hundred square miles. Her crystal streams are alliew with trout, her lakes their feeding place when they have grown to their full size and ripened to the color of the salmon. Life upon the Grand Mess's southern slope goes forward with, as yet, small heed for what the future holds in store for those who now occupy it. The comfortable loghouses, warm in winter, cool in summer, have not been superseded by the ugly frame buildings common to the early days of most Western settlements. My friend's ranch, set in a level basin of 3,000 acres, has the look of a frontier fortification. Ranch house, men's quarters, blacksmith's shop, carpenter's shop, meathouse, icehouse, granaries, corrais, stables all of losy, making it a little town. Indeed, almost every industry of a town is carried on there. The cattle-rancher of to-day is his own curpenter, blacksmith, tinsmith, harness-maker, butchen the blacksmith, tinsmith, harness-maker, butchen the colony of farm hands and cowboys. Elk meat venison, bear ment, and grouse hung in his meathouse. Beef of his own branding and pork of his own farm did not so the strength of the south pranding and pork of his own farm did not of, cunningly contrived from deer feething on the wall. The head of a sk-point elk occupied a space over his chiuney, and although it was a bachelor's ranch-house, an upright plano (kept in tune by its owner, who had taught himself the use of the tuning forh) divided the honors of the room with a bamboo portiere and some fine etchings. The cuntry lies in the latitude of Supplied he had of Poco Tiempo, or the 'laind of pretty son' clared to the same of the tuning forh) divided the honors of the room with a bamboo portiere and some fine etchings. The cuntry lies in the latitude of Supplied he had of Poco Tiempo, or binds to the service of any who will mine her ribbed sides and divert to his use her magnificent water courses. Food for his cattle and horses she provides

From Kate Field's Washington. The novelist Miss Frances Courteney Baylor tells of an amusing new-paper notice printed on the occasion of a visit to a country town in Virginia. The editor, wishing to pay a graceful compliment to the talented visitor, put it in the following ambiguous language:

Miss Baylor is a story-teller of considerable ability.